

Kane was the first to jump to his feet and put on his coat. He then stepped from the car with a firm tread and, surrounded by the Sheriff and his deputies, walked towards the prison. McKane walked a little ahead of Sheriff Butting.

The party had taken but few steps when a messenger ran up to Sheriff Butting and handed him a despatch.

It announced that the stay had been denied by Justice Barrett.

Sheriff Butting did not at once communicate this news to his prisoner, who walked ahead, unconscious of the receipt of the important message. McKane seemed oblivious of everything going on about him.

An "Evening World" reporter asked him whether he had abandoned hope of obtaining a stay. He gazed a moment mournfully at the interrogator, and then shook his head, saying at the same time: "I don't want to have anything more to do with newspaper reporters. I have nothing to say."

It took only ten minutes for the party to walk along the track to the prison. There were a lot of newspaper men waiting at the prison entrance. McKane caught sight of them as he came up the incline leading from the railroad track to the entrance to the prison, and made a noticeable effort to brace up.

He succeeded wonderfully, well and when he marched down the stone steps his appearance was that of a man who had made up his mind to keep the white feather out of sight as long as possible. He was apparently at that time the least affected one of the party.

Sheriff Butting was visibly nervous, and Stryker S. Williamson, McKane's closest friend, was almost crying.

The Sheriff led the way into the Clerk's office, just off the vestibule at the right of the entrance to the prison.

McKane in Prison.

McKane followed him in with Deputy Sheriff Thompson and Williamson close behind. Butting motioned to McKane to step up to Clerk Corwin's desk. He did so.

"Take off your hat," was Clerk Corwin's order.

Assistant Clerk Westlake said "Is this McKane?"

McKane replied in a firm voice "Yes."

Assistant Clerk Westlake asked Sheriff Butting "Have you made the commitment?" Sheriff Butting drew the commitment from his pocket and handed it to Assistant Clerk Westlake.

Westlake looked it over and then said to McKane "Your term is six years."

Westlake then wrote upon the back of the commitment: "The full term of six years, deducting one year and ten months' commutation." Under this he wrote: "Four years and two months," showing the net amount of McKane's sentence with the commutation taken off.

McKane doffed his soft felt hat, which he had worn up to that time in the manner usual with him, slightly tilted over his left eye.

"McKane, have you any money with you?" was the clerk's next question.

"Yes, I've got a little change," was the reply.

The prisoner brought out a roll of bills from his vest pocket and handed it over to Assistant Clerk Westlake, who counted the money. Then McKane fished some small change from his trousers pocket, and this also was counted.

"Twenty-five dollars and seventy-eight cents," announced Mr. Westlake. The amount was handed over to Clerk Corwin, who entered it on a blank form.

Then McKane was told to deliver up his other valuables.

Sends His Valuables to His Family.

He took off his cuffs and loosened the silver buttons in them. Then he unscrewed the big diamond in his shirt bosom and handed the articles, together with his gold watch and chain, to Stryker S. Williamson, with the request that the latter turn the valuables over to his (McKane's) family.

In answer to Clerk Corwin's question, McKane said he was formerly a barber, was fifty-one years years old, married, a Protestant, and was born in Ireland.

He could, he said, read and write, and used neither liquor nor tobacco. His pedigree was entered by Clerk Corwin, and he was then told that that was all.

McKane looked relieved when this formality was over and in obedience to Sheriff Butting's command, followed the latter out into the vestibule and down the little flight of iron steps leading to the massive iron-barred gate, which a moment later changed behind him.

No one was allowed to pass through with him except Sheriff Butting, Deputy Thompson and Stryker Williamson.

It was but a few steps further to the little oaken door, which leads into the main prison, and that, too, closed behind McKane with a bang a few moments later.

McKane Shaved by the Prison Barber.

McKane was taken into the barber shop and was placed in the barber's chair. His mustache and imperial, that have figured in so many cartoons, were quickly shaved off. McKane's head was not shaved. The boss was then given a bath and handed a convict's suit of stripes, which he put on himself. The suit consisted of a brown anser shirt and a white and black striped coat, vest and trousers.

McKane will be placed in the idle ranks at present. No cell has been assigned to him yet.

When Warden Durston learned that Sheriff Butting and Stryker Williamson had gone into the inner prison with

McKane, he was very angry. He has quarantined the place on account of the smallpox.

He afterwards told Principal Keeper Communication:

"Don't dare let anybody, whether a sheriff or not, in the prison when I have ordered otherwise."

Stryker Williamson stood for a moment outside the prison entrance when he had returned from the inner prison. His eyes were filled with tears, and his chest heaved.

He was waiting for Sheriff Butting to come out. Asked whether McKane's nerve was as strong as it appeared to be, he answered:

"He is just as he looks, but I should like to see him. His wife is dying at her home in Sheephead Bay."

**M KANE'S FINAL STRUGGLE.**

Council Applies for a Stay Even After He Starts for Prison.

The express train that rolled up to the Grand Central Station at 2:15 o'clock this afternoon, carried in an unwilling passenger John V. McKane, ex-convict of Gravesend and Coney Island, who was bound for Sing Sing prison, where he was to spend the next six years, less time for good behavior, because of his literally adding and subtracting his inspectors in comparing against the election laws of the State.

By Sheriff Butting and three stalwart deputy sheriffs he was taken from the Grand Central Station, and driven to the Brooklyn Bridge to the Grand Central Depot, stopping a few moments in Tron Row to learn, if possible, what success his latest counsel, Charles W. Brockway, was having in his application for a certificate of reasonable doubt, to justify his arrest.

The party went on to the station, where there was another wait for a fairly expected stay before the message that the stay had been denied, and the desired stay that would keep the big boys out of prison.

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## MANDELBAUM'S END.

She Is Buried in Union Field Cemetery in Newtown.

Her Body in a Plot with Those of Her Husband and Child.

Only Immediate Friends and Relatives at the Funeral.

The body of "Mother" Mandelbaum is buried in the Union Field cemetery, in Newtown, by the side of that of her husband, and the child of her husband, in a plot with those of her husband and child.

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## FAVORS CITY HELP.

Chamber of Commerce Adopts Rapid Transit Report.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt's Plan Unanimously Approved.

A Protest Is Made Against the Passage of the Island Bill.

The regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce this afternoon, ex-Mayor Hewitt, who has been added to the Special Committee on Rapid Transit, offered the following amendments to the resolution of that Committee, reported at the last meeting, and practically embodying the new views of the Committee on the subject.

Resolved, That in the judgment of the Chamber of Commerce it is necessary to the growth and prosperity of the city of New York that the city should be justified in case it is not found possible after careful consideration of the subject, to secure the right of way to secure the construction of a proper system of rapid transit by private enterprise.

Resolved, That in the judgment of the Chamber of Commerce it is necessary to the growth and prosperity of the city of New York that the city should be justified in case it is not found possible after careful consideration of the subject, to secure the right of way to secure the construction of a proper system of rapid transit by private enterprise.

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